

Sticks and Stones by theamiableanachronism

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Summary:

A very short very sad and very angsty drabble about Eleven's life

Sticks and Stones

Eleven knew pain.

For a long time, pain was a constant in her life. Something to be feared, but something inevitable. And it was always different.

There was the kind in her head, when she could see nothing but the slowly crumpling soda can on the tabletop.

There was the kind on her fists when the door of the Room wouldn't open and the sound of footsteps slowly faded away and didn't come back.

There was the kind in her chest when nothing she did made "Again" become "Good".

There was the kind in her forehead and her nose when the crack of a boy's arm echoed across a lake.

There was the kind in her throat when a Demogorgon writhed and shrieked into blackness, taking her with it.

There was the kind in her fingers and toes when the air was so cold it froze and shattered into tiny white pieces that clung to her skin and the coat she had stolen.

There was the kind in her heart when she looked through a window and spent a year wishing she'd never stopped looking.

There was the kind in her ears when she couldn't separate her own screams from those coming from inside the Gate, glowing evilly red.

Eleven knew pain very well.